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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Traditions of Lancashire. Second Series. By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

We have anticipated with pleasure the appearance of Mr. Roby's second series of Lancashire Traditions; we were prepared for a beautiful pictorial work, both by the preceding series, and by the plates reviewed some weeks ago under our head of "Fine Arts;" and we looked for literary variety and entertainment throughout — nor have we been disappointed; though other claims upon our notice in this *Gazette* prevent us from going into the grounds of our judgment, or quoting so largely as we could wish from these clever and ingenious volumes.

Taking up, as before, some of the remarkable traditions of a county rich in such memorials, Mr. Roby first gives the facts as they are handed down to us; he then dramatises them, or works them into narrative — in two or three instances founds ballads upon them — and thus vividly revives the impressions of times long gone by,— his tales being as true as history, and yet often possessing the animation of romance. We have thus "Clitheroe," a story of Roger de Lacy, the famous Constable of Cheshire; * the "Grey Man of the Wood," a singular legend of Henry VI.; "The Fairies' Chapel," a fairy tradition in the Byron family; "The Luck of Muncaster," in the nice old ballad style; "Peel of Fouldrey," an important event of the time of Henry VII. of great historical curiosity; "Dule upo' Dun," a whimsical anecdote; "Windleshaw Abbey," relating to Prince Rupert; "Clegg Hall," another good tradition; "George Fox," entertaining particulars of the early times of the Quakers; and others, more or less light, demoniacal, tragic, or superstitious, as the occasion may be.

In the midst of antiquarian lore and the author's own fancies, we are sadly at a loss how to find a specimen suited to our columns, and sufficient to afford a fair taste of his qualities. We are driven of necessity to the shortest, and the "Dead Man's Hand" is offered to us — Bryn Hall is the place.

"Here was a Roman Catholic chapel, and a priest, who continued long after the family had departed, having in his custody the hand mentioned in the following pages. It is still kept by them, or rather by the priest, who now resides at Garswood. Preserved with great care, in a white silk bag, it is still resorted to by many diseased persons, and wonderful cures are said to have been wrought by this saintly relic. It is called the Hand of Father Arrowsmith,—a priest, who is said to have been put to death at Lancaster for his religion, in the time of William III. When about to suffer, he desired his spiritual attendant to cut off his right hand, which should then have the power to work miraculous cures on those who had faith to believe in its efficacy. Not many years ago, a female, sick of the small pox, had it lying in bed with her every night for six weeks, in order to effect her recovery, which took place. A poor lad, living in Withy Grove, Manchester, afflicted with scrofulous sores, was rubbed with it; and, though it has been said he was miraculously restored, yet, upon inquiry, the assertion was found incorrect, inasmuch as he died in about a fortnight after the operation. Not less devoid of truth is the tradition that Arrowsmith was hanged for witnessing a good confession. Having been found guilty of a rape, in all probability this story of his martyrdom and miraculous attestation to the truth of the cause for which he suffered, were contrived for the purpose of preventing the scandal that might have come upon the church through the delinquency of an unworthy member. One of the family of the Kenyons attended as under-sheriff at the execution; and it is said that he refused the culprit some trifling favour at the gallows, whereupon Arrowsmith denounced a curse upon him—to wit, that whilst the family could boast of an heir, so long they should never want a cripple; which prediction was supposed by the credulous to have been literally fulfilled."

The "Peel of Fouldrey" relates to the occupation of that fortress by Lambert Simnel, when he undertook his fruitless expedition to claim the crown of England, as the representative of the house of York; and the chances by which the Abbot of Furness Abbey is represented to have procured him and his followers to leave that impregnable hold, are extremely well wrought up by Mr. Roby. His opening account of it is so accurate as well as picturesque, that we shall copy it.

"It was in the 'merrie month of May,' in the year 1487, scarcely two years after Richard's overthrow at Bosworth, and Earl Richmond's usurpation of the English crown by the title of King Henry the Seventh, that a great armament, landing on the barren island of Fouldrey, took possession of the castle—a fortress of great strength, commanding the entrance to the bay of Morecambe, and a position of considerable importance to the invaders. It occupied, with the outworks and defences, nearly the whole area of the island—a few acres only; two or three fishermen's huts, at that time, being irregularly scattered on the beach below. Built by the monks of Furness, in the first year of Edward III., as a retreat from the ravages of the Scots, and a formidable barrier against their approaches by sea, it was now unexpectedly wrested from its owners, becoming a point of resistance from whence the formidable power of Henry might be withstood, and, in the end, successfully opposed. A royal banner floated from the battlements—the fortress had been formally taken into possession by the invaders in the name of their king, previously proclaimed at Dublin by the title of Edward the Sixth. The youth was crowned there with a diadem taken from an image of the Virgin—priests and nobles espousing his cause with more than ordinary enthusiasm; and Henry, in the second year of his reign, was threatened, from a source as unexpected as it was deemed contemptible, with the loss of his ill-gotten sovereignty."

We must, until next Saturday, be content with a few farther insulated passages.

"Lambert Simnel, according to some historians, was the real name of this 'pretender;' but there be others who scruple not to assert, that he was in reality the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence, elder brother of Richard III.; and that he had made his escape from the Tower, where he long suffered an ignominious confinement by the cruel policy of Henry. The prior claims of this young prince to the English crown could not be doubted; and Margaret, the 'bold' duchess of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV., had furnished the invader with a body of two thousand chosen Flemish troops, commanded by Martin Swartz, a brave and experienced officer. With them came the Earl of Lincoln, related to Edward IV. by intermarriage with Elizabeth, the king's eldest sister. This nobleman had long entertained ambitious views towards the crown; his uncle Richard, it is said, in default of issue to himself, having expressed the intention of declaring Lincoln his successor. The Lord Lovel, too, a bitter enemy of the reigning prince, who had fled to the court of Burgundy before-time for protection, was intrusted with a command in the expedition. To these were joined the Earl of Kildare, the king's deputy for Ireland, with several others of the nobility from the sister kingdom. The countenance thus unexpectedly given to the rebellion by persons of the highest rank, and the great accession of military force from abroad, raised the courage and exultation of the Irish to such a pitch, that they threatened to overrun England, nothing doubting but their restless and disaffected spirit would be fully met by a similar disposition on the part of those whom they invaded. In supposing that the inhabitants in the north of England, and especially in Lancashire, would immediately join their standard, they had not calculated wisely. The king, in crushing the hopes of the Yorkists, had made himself, at that period, too popular in the county—the reluctance, too, which it may be supposed that Englishmen would feel in identifying themselves with a troop of foreign adventurers, as well as their general animosity against the Irish, to whom the 'northerns' never bore any good will, being too near neighbours to agree,—these circumstances taken into account, the ultimate failure of the expedition might have been easily prognosticated. Sir Thomas Broughton, a gentleman of some note in Furness, was the only person of weight and influence in the county who joined their standard—and he soon found himself a loser by his defection."

The following is a fair specimen of the descriptive:—

"The evening was dark and lowering; the

* *Apropos des bottes:* as the author states he has done all he intends with Lancashire; let us advise him to proceed next into Cheshire, a county fully as rich in materials for his purpose.—*Ed. L. G.*

sky broken into wild irregular masses of red and angry clouds. The sun, after throwing one fierce look over the broad and troubled sea, had sunk behind a hard, huge battlement of cloud, on the round waving edges of which ran a bright burning rim, that looked like a train of fire ignited by the glowing luminary behind. The beach round the little island of Fouldrey is mostly covered with pebbles, thrown up by the tide, occasionally intermingled with rock and patches of dark verdure. A few boats may be seen with their equipments, and two or three straggling nets upon the shore. A distant sail occasionally glides across the horizon; but the usual aspect is that of solitude, still and uninterrupted—the abode of sterility and sadness. Now, the narrow bay by the island was glittering with gallant streamers. Ships of war, in all their pride and panoply, majestically reposed upon its bosom. All was bustle and impatience. The trumpet note of war brayed fiercely from the battlements. Incessant was the march of troops in various directions. Tents were pitched before the castle; guards were appointed; and this hitherto peaceful and solitary spot resounded with the din of arms, and the hoarse clang of preparation for the approaching strife. Messengers were constantly passing to and from the main land; the insignia of royalty were ostentatiously displayed; and the captains and leaders within the fortress fulfilled the duties of this mimic and motley court, in honour of their anticipated sovereign."

After a strange night-alarm, with which the whole machinery of the plot is connected—

"With the morning dawn came Sir Thomas Broughton. A grand council was appointed for that day, in which the final arrangement of their plans was to be discussed. A royal banquet was prepared, and the Flemish gunners were to give a specimen of their craft from the battlements. The forenoon came on chill and squally, with a low scud driving rapidly from the west. A drizzling rain was the result, which increased with the coming tide. The little island was covered with tents, forming an encampment of no mean extent and appearance. Sir Thomas, with a few attendants, after being ferried over the channel which separates the island Fouldrey from the main land, was conducted through avenues of tents and armed men. The Flemish soldiers, fierce and almost motionless, looked like an array of grim statues. The Irish levies, in a state of more lax discipline, were collected in merry groups, whiling away the time in thriftless and noisy discourse. Sir Thomas Broughton, descended from an Anglo-Saxon family of great antiquity, was, by virtue of this hereditary and aboriginal descent, of a proud and pompous bearing. Being allied to most of the principal families in these parts, he was won over, by solicitation from the Duchess of Burgundy, as one of the confederates in her attempt to restore the line of York to the English crown. Fond of shew, and careful as to his own personal appearance, he was clad in a steel coat of great beauty; this ponderous form of defence having been brought to great perfection in the preceding reign. His sword-belt was so disposed, that the weapon remained in front, while a dagger was attached to the right hip. Over his armour he wore a scarlet cloak; and, as he strode proudly up the avenues to the gate, he looked as though he felt that on his fiat alone depended the very existence of those he beheld. After he had passed the first drawbridge into the outer court, or bayle, a band of archers, drawn up in full array, opened their ranks to receive this puissant chieftain. These were the most efficient of the troops, and partly English, having been brought from Ireland by the deputy. They were clad in shirts of chain-mail, with wide sleeves, over which was a small vest of red cloth, laced in front. They had tight hose on their legs, and braces on their left arms. Behind them, and on each side, were part of the infantry, consisting of billmen and halberdiers; but the most formidable-looking soldiers were the Flemish gunners, or harquebusiers—so named from the barbarous Latin word *arcusbusus*, evidently derived from the Italian *arcabouza*; *i. e.* a bow with a tube or hole. It was made with a stock and trigger, in imitation of the crossbow. The match, no longer applied by the hand to the touch-hole, was fixed into a cock, which was brought down to the pan by the motion of the trigger. This, being at the time a recent invention, excited no little curiosity and admiration. At the inner court, and near the main entrance to the keep, Sir Thomas was received in great state by the Earl of Lincoln, whose high, but easy and pleasant, bearing bespoke him to have been long the inmate and follower of courts; while the stiff attitudes and formal demeanour of Sir Thomas were rendered more apparent by the contrast."

Our fair readers will excuse us for not entering upon the natural-supernatural events of this tale: and having exhibited the author's powers in various ways, we take our leave, till next week, with "hartie commendacyons."

Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and last Series. 4 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1831, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

NEVER was a work more completely out of the pale of criticism:—we shall quote its author's concluding address, as the only introduction to the pages before us.

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage. The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Upwards of a hundred volumes has Sir Walter Scott contributed to the literature of his country: he has made his own land classical with the song or story now so indelibly associated with its lakes and hills; he has founded a new school—and with regard to novels and romances, he has done for them what Augustus did for Rome,—he found it a city of mud, he left it a city of marble. We call upon his readers to remember the many hours they have passed in delight over his volumes, and what an aggregate of enjoyment will they make in human existence! There are two tales in the present series; the first, *Count Robert of Paris*, has for time and place the arrival of the Crusaders at Constantinople, and Count Robert is the fierce baron whom historians record to have taken possession of the emperor's throne, in the presence of the assembled court, when he was expected to have knelt in homage. We cannot do better than extract that important scene in his life—his marriage.

"Brenhilda, countess of Paris, was one of those stalwart dames who willingly hazarded themselves in the front of battle, which, during the first crusade, was as common as it was possible for a very unnatural custom to be, and, in fact, gave the real instances of the Marphisas and Bradamantes, whom the writers of romance delighted to paint, assigning them sometimes the advantage of invulnerable armour, or a spear whose thrust did not admit of being resisted, in order to soften the improbability of the weaker sex being frequently victorious over the male part of the creation. But the spell of Brenhilda was of a more simple nature, and rested chiefly in her great beauty. From a girl, she despised the pursuits of her sex; and they who ventured to become suitors for the hand of the young Lady of Aspramonte, to which warlike fief she had succeeded, and which perhaps encouraged her in her fancy, received for answer, that they must first merit it by their good behaviour in the lists. The father of Brenhilda was dead; her mother was of a gentle temper, and easily kept under management by the young lady herself. Brenhilda's numerous suitors readily agreed to terms which were too much according to the manners of the age to be disputed. A tournament was held at the castle of Aspramonte, in which one half of the gallant assembly rolled headlong before their successful rivals, and withdrew from the lists mortified and disappointed. The successful party among the suitors were expected to be summoned to joust among themselves. But they were surprised at being made acquainted with the lady's further will. She aspired to wear armour herself, to wield a lance, and back a steed, and prayed the knights that they would permit a lady, whom they professed to honour so highly, to mingle in their games of chivalry. The young knights courteously received their young mistress in the lists, and smiled at the idea of her holding them triumphantly against so many gallant champions of the other sex. But the vassals and old servants of the count, her father, smiled to each other, and intimated a different result than the gallants anticipated. The knights who encountered the fair Brenhilda were one by one stretched on the sand; nor was it to be denied, that the situation of tilting with one of the handsomest women of the time, was an extremely embarrassing one. Each youth was

bent to withhold his charge in full volley, to cause his steed to swerve at the full shock, or in some other way to flinch from doing the utmost which was necessary to gain the victory, lest, in so gaining it, he might cause irreparable injury to the beautiful opponent he tilted with. But the Lady of Aspramonte was not one who could be conquered by less than the exertion of the whole strength and talents of the victor. The defeated suitors departed from the lists the more mortified at their discomfiture, because Robert of Paris arrived at sunset, and, understanding what was going forward, sent his name to the barriers, as that of a knight who would willingly forego the reward of the tournament, in case he had the fortune to gain it, declaring, that neither lands nor ladies' charms were what he came thither to seek. Brenhilda, piqued and mortified, chose a new lance, mounted her best steed, and advanced into the lists as one determined to avenge upon the new assailant's brow the slight of her charms which he seemed to express. But whether her displeasure had somewhat interfered with her usual skill, or whether she had, like others of her sex, felt a partiality towards one whose heart was not particularly set upon gaining hers — or whether, as is often said on such occasions, her fated hour was come, so it was that Count Robert tilted with his usual address and good fortune. Brenhilda of Aspramonte was unhorsed and unhelmed, and stretched on the earth; and the beautiful face, which faded from very red to deadly pale before the eyes of the victor, produced its natural effect in raising the value of his conquest. He would, in conformity with his resolution, have left the castle, after having mortified the vanity of the lady; but her mother opportunely interposed; and when she had satisfied herself that no serious injury had been sustained by the young heiress, she returned her thanks to the stranger knight who had taught her daughter a lesson, which, she trusted, she would not easily forget. Thus tempted to do what he secretly wished, Count Robert gave ear to those sentiments, which naturally whispered to him to be in no hurry to withdraw. He was of the blood of Charlemagne, and, what was still of more consequence in the young lady's eyes, one of the most renowned of Norman knights in that jousting day. After a residence of ten days in the castle of Aspramonte, the bride and bridegroom set out, for such was Count Robert's will, with a competent train, to Our Lady of the Broken Lances, where it pleased him to be wedded. Two knights, who were waiting to do battle, as was the custom of the place, were rather disappointed at the nature of the cavalcade, which seemed to interrupt their purpose. But greatly were they surprised when they received a cartel from the betrothed couple, offering to substitute their own persons in the room of other antagonists, and congratulating themselves in commencing their married life in a manner so consistent with that which they had hitherto led. They were victorious as usual; and the only persons having occasion to rue the complaisance of the count and his bride, were the two strangers, one of whom broke an arm in the rencontre, and the other dislocated a collar-bone."

In order to revenge the insult offered, Agelastes, one of the Greek court, endeavours to draw the count into the power of his enemies, and tells a tale of enchantment—a princess cast into a magic sleep by an offended sage—which leads to the ensuing scene, written with that nature and spirit which give such life to Scott's delineations.

"'A sleep like that of death fell upon them, and was not removed. Most of the inhabitants left the island; the few who remained were cautious how they approached the castle, and watched until some bold adventurer should bring that happy awakening which the speech of the sorcerer seemed in some degree to intimate. Never seemed there a fairer opportunity for that awakening to take place than when the proud step of Artavan de Hautlieu was placed upon those enchanted courts. On the left lay the palace and donjon-keep; but the right, more attractive, seemed to invite to the apartment of the women. At a side door, reclined on a couch, two guards of the haram, with their naked swords grasped in their hands, and features fiendishly contorted between sleep and dissolution, seemed to menace death to any who should venture to approach. This threat deterred not Artavan de Hautlieu. He approached the entrance, when the doors, like those of the great entrance to the castle, made themselves instantly accessible to him. A guard-room of the same effeminate soldiers received him, nor could the strictest examination have discovered to him whether it was sleep or death which arrested the eyes that seemed to look upon and prohibit his advance. Unheeding the presence of these ghastly sentinels, Artavan pressed forward into an inner apartment, where female slaves of the most distinguished beauty were visible in the attitude of those who had already assumed their dress for the night. There was much in this scene which might have arrested so young a pilgrim as Artavan of Hautlieu; but his heart was fixed upon achieving the freedom of the beautiful princess, nor did he suffer himself to be withdrawn from that object by any inferior consideration. He passed on, therefore, to a little ivory door, which, after a moment's pause, as if in maidenly hesitation, gave way like the rest, and yielded access to the sleeping apartment of the princess herself. A soft light, resembling that of evening, penetrated into a chamber where every thing seemed contrived to exalt the luxury of slumber. The heaps of cushions, which formed a stately bed, seemed rather to be touched than impressed by the form of a nymph of fifteen, the renowned Princess of Zulichium.' 'Without interrupting you, good father,' said the Countess Brenhilda, 'it seems to me that we can comprehend the picture of a woman asleep without much dilating upon it, and that such a subject is little recommended either by our age or by yours.' 'Pardon me, noble lady,' answered Agelastes, 'the most approved part of my story has ever been this passage, and while I now suppress it in obedience to your command, bear notice, I pray you, that I sacrifice the most beautiful part of the tale.' 'Brenhilda,' added the count, 'I am surprised you think of interrupting a story which has hitherto proceeded with so much fire; the telling of a few words more or less will surely have a much greater influence upon the sense of the narrative, than such an addition can possibly possess over our sentiments of action.' 'As you will,' said his lady, throwing herself carelessly back upon the seat; 'but methinks the worthy father protracts this discourse, till it becomes of a nature more trifling than interesting.' 'Brenhilda,' said the count, 'this is the first time I have remarked in you a woman's weakness.' 'I may as well say, Count Robert, that it is the first time,' answered Brenhilda, 'that you have shewn to me the inconstancy of your sex.' 'Gods and goddesses,' said the philosopher, 'was ever known a quarrel more absurdly founded! The countess is jealous of one whom her husband probably never will see, nor is there any prospect that the Princess of Zulichium will be hereafter better known to the modern world, than if the curtain hung before her tomb.' 'Proceed,' said Count Robert of Paris; 'if Sir Artavan of Hautlieu has not accomplished the enfranchisement of the Princess of Zulichium, I make a vow to our Lady of the Broken Lances'—— 'Remember,' said his lady, interfering, 'that you are already under a vow to free the Sepulchre of God; and to that, methinks, all lighter engagements might give place.' 'Well, lady — well,' said Count Robert, but half satisfied with this interference, 'I will not engage myself, you may be assured, on any adventure which may claim precedence of the enterprise of the Holy Sepulchre, to which we are all bound.' 'Alas!' said Agelastes, 'the distance of Zulichium from the speediest route to the Sepulchre is so small, that'—— 'Worthy father,' said the countess, 'we will, if it pleases you, hear your tale to an end, and then determine what we will do. We Norman ladies, descendants of the old Germans, claim a voice with our lords in the council which precedes the battle; nor has our assistance in the conflict been deemed altogether useless.' The tone in which this was spoken conveyed an awkward innuendo to the philosopher, who began to foresee that the guidance of the Norman knight would be more difficult than he had foreseen, while his consort remained by his side. He took up, therefore, his oratory on somewhat a lower key than before, and avoided those warm descriptions which had given some offence to the Countess Brenhilda. 'Sir Artavan de Hautlieu,' says the story, 'considered in what way he should accost the sleeping damsel, when it occurred to him in what manner the charm would be most likely to be reversed. I am in your judgment, fair lady, if he judged wrong in resolving that the method of his address should be a kiss upon the lips.' The colour of Brenhilda was somewhat heightened, but she did not deem the observation worthy of notice. 'Never had so innocent an action,' continued the philosopher, 'an effect more horrible. The delightful light of a summer evening was instantly changed into a strange lurid hue, which, infected with sulphur, seemed to breathe suffocation through the apartment. The rich hangings and splendid furniture of the chamber, the very walls themselves, were changed into huge stones tossed together at random, like the inside of a wild beast's den; nor was the den without an inhabitant. The beautiful and innocent lips to which Artavan de Hautlieu had approached his own, were now changed into the hideous and bizarre form and bestial aspect of a fiery dragon. A moment she hovered upon the wing, and it is said, had Sir Artavan found courage to repeat his salute three times, he would then have remained master of all the wealth and of the disenchanted princess. But the opportunity was lost; and the dragon, or the creature who seemed such, sailed out at a side window upon its broad pennons, uttering loud wails of disappointment.' Here ended the story of Agelastes. 'The princess,' he said, 'is still supposed to abide her doom in the Island of Zulichium, and several knights have undertaken the adventure; but I know not whether it was the fear of saluting the sleeping maiden, or that of approaching the dragon into which

she was transformed; but so it is, the spell remains unachieved. I know the way, and if you say the word, you may be to-morrow on the road to the castle of enchantment.' The countess heard this proposal with the deepest anxiety; for she knew that she might, by opposition, determine her husband irrevocably upon following out the enterprise. She stood therefore with a timid and bashful look, strange in a person whose bearing was generally so dauntless, and prudently left it to the uninfluenced mind of Count Robert to form the resolution which should best please him. 'Brenhilda,' he said, taking her hand, 'fame and honour are dear to thy husband as ever they were to knight who buckled a brand upon his side. Thou hast done, perhaps, I may say, for me, what I might in vain have looked for from ladies of thy condition; and therefore thou mayest well expect a casting voice in such points of deliberation. Why dost thou wander by the side of a foreign and unhealthy shore, instead of the banks of the lovely Seine? Why dost thou wear a dress unusual to thy sex? Why dost thou seek death, and think it little, in comparison of shame? Why? but that the Count of Paris may have a bride worthy of him. Dost thou think that this affection is thrown away? No, by the saints! Thy knight repays it as he best ought, and sacrifices to thee every thought which thy affection may less than entirely approve!' Poor Brenhilda, confused as she was by the various emotions with which she was agitated, now in vain endeavoured to maintain the heroic deportment which her character as an Amazon required from her. She attempted to assume the proud and lofty look which was properly her own, but failing in the effort, she threw herself into the count's arms, hung round his neck, and wept like a village maiden whose true love is pressed for the wars. Her husband, a little ashamed, while he was much moved by this burst of affection in one to whose character it seemed an unusual attribute, was, at the same time, pleased and proud that he could have awakened an affection so genuine and so gentle in a soul so high-spirited and so unbending. 'Not thus,' he said, 'my Brenhilda! I would not have it thus, either for thine own sake or for mine. Do not let this wise old man suppose that thy heart is made of the malleable stuff which forms that of other maidens; and apologise to him, as may well become thee, for having prevented my undertaking the adventure of Zulichium, which he recommends.' It was not easy for Brenhilda to recover herself, after having afforded so notable an instance how nature can vindicate her rights, with whatever rigour she may have been disciplined and tyrannised over. With a look of ineffable affection, she disjoined herself from her husband, still keeping hold of his hand, and turning to the old man with a countenance in which the half-effaced tears were succeeded by smiles of pleasure and of modesty, she spoke to Agelastes as she would to a person whom she respected, and towards whom she had some offence to atone. 'Father,' she said, respectfully, 'be not angry with me that I should have been an obstacle to one of the best knights that ever spurred steed, undertaking the enterprise of thine enchanted princess; but the truth is, that in our land, where knighthood and religion agree in permitting only one lady-love and one lady-wife, we do not quite so willingly see our husbands run into danger — especially of that kind where lonely ladies are the parties relieved —and—and kisses are the ransom paid. I have as much confidence in my Robert's fidelity, as a lady can have in a loving knight, but still——' 'Lovely lady,' said Agelastes, who, notwithstanding his highly artificial character, could not help being moved by the simple and sincere affection of the handsome young pair, 'you have done no evil. The state of the princess is no worse than it was, and there cannot be a doubt that the knight fated to relieve her, will appear at the destined period.' The countess smiled sadly, and shook her head. 'You do not know,' she said, 'how powerful is the aid of which I have unhappily deprived this unfortunate lady, by a jealousy which I now feel to have been alike paltry and unworthy; and, such is my regret, that I could find in my heart to retract my opposition to Count Robert undertaking this adventure.' She looked at her husband with some anxiety, as one that had made an offer she would not willingly see accepted, and did not recover her courage until he said, decidedly, 'Brenhilda, that may not be.' 'And, why, then, may not Brenhilda herself take the adventure,' continued the countess, 'since she can neither fear the charms of the princess, nor the terrors of the dragon?' 'Lady,' said Agelastes, the princess must be awakened by the kiss of love, and not by that of friendship.' 'A sufficient reason,' said the countess, smiling, 'why a lady may not wish her lord to go forth upon an adventure of which the conditions are so regulated.'"

The next tale, *Castle Dangerous*, is likely, we should think, to find much favour on the other side of the Tweed: it is a record of a passage in the gallant resistance made by the Scots against the aggressions of the English in the days of the Bruce; and Castle Dangerous is a strong-hold of the Douglas. Both tales are vivid illustrations of the fantastic honour and real courage of the age of chivalry. Most of our readers may remember the beginning of the touching address Sir Walter wrote for Kemble on his leaving the stage—it might serve for his own parting words:

> "As the worn warhorse at the trumpet's sound
> Erects his mane, and, neighing, paws the ground,
> Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
> And longs to rush on the embattled lines;
> So I, your plaudits ringing on my ear,
> Can scarce believe in a departure near—
> But, like the Roman in the capital,
> I must adjust my mantle ere I fall."

That a long space of ease and comfort may yet be in store for "the Ariosto of the North," must be the earnest hope of all who now feel towards him what he so well deserves,—gratitude and sympathy.

Letters from the North of Europe; or, a Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony. By C. B. Elliott, Esq. 8vo. pp. 475. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is one of those remarkably pleasant tours which an intelligent gentleman, who has seen much of the world, is alone calculated to write —one of those productions which engage the attention and do not fatigue it, and which we read from first to last, with the agreeable sensation that we are gathering the information of pretty extensive travel, easily by our fireside.

Mr. Elliott visited Holland, Hamburgh, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and parts of Germany—every where, but particularly in Norway, viewing the natives and their manners with the eye of a practised observer; and furnishing us with sketchy pictures—of course not all new, but all possessing considerable interest. We shall illustrate this by a few quotations, from various quarters of the northern continent.

"The 18th of June is kept holy by the Dutch (nearly all of whom are Protestants), to commemorate the mercy of God in the result of the battle of Waterloo. I thought the English might profit by such an example."

Now to Denmark.

"The cemetery of the Danish capital is a miniature of that of Père la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual remembrance. Some of the epitaphs and devices are pretty. One motto consists of the simple and familiar words, 'Not lost, but gone before;' another, 'I shall see you again;' a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated—'Rest, O sweetly rest, dear! in the garden of the dead, amid graves and flowers and tears, till little angels, bearing the 'forget-me-not,' shall summon me to join thee in eternity.' One grave contains the relics of a mother whose husband and six orphans are represented, in marble exquisitely wrought, as doves *brooding* over their sorrows and the dust of her they loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the size of the nestlings; and the widowed mate covers with his wings the last half-fledged pledge of conjugal love. The scenery around is beautiful. The cypress and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exquisite lines which tell of 'the love of the turtle.' The Jews have here, as always, a separate burying-ground. Their corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem."

The following is part of a very interesting description of a journey across the mountains in Norway.

"The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flour of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself. The weather was inclement; it rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for, suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements. The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream—the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse-blankets

were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently that it was not possible to repose for any length of time. The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting-place. After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat—we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours of hard marching over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three and twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers, whose plaintive cry consorted well with the discomfort of our condition—scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen. Our course the preceding day was W. by S., and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Recshion. This day we travelled west, and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say) he gave the name of Feelsihoon. Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturous huntsmen, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger, and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of the inhospitable fjeld, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude, with patches of snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time."

A few farther extracts respecting Norway will be found entertaining.

"A particular species of sweet cheese, highly prized here, is produced on special occasions. It is called '*gammelen orse*,' or old cheese, which Mr. Janson told us had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into '*gammela Norse*,' or old Norway. The mistake, on which he seemed to say some fable has been built, has afforded, as we have likewise heard in other quarters, much amusement to the natives."

"The Storthing is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, brond-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading their opinions, attests the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first-floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously, and decorated with flowers; a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries. The constitution is purely democratic. Abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent, that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man. The established form of religion is Lutheran; nor are there many sectarians. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed, that these lovers of money would secure and retain possession of the coin; they were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a 'by-word' among the people; an example of retributive justice and accomplished prophecy. I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said on that subject. Like all mountaineers, they are devotedly attached to their country; and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts. Among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money, with an indifference as to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps in some degree necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes; perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves; and the women in proportion. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of virgin white, light auburn hair, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cakes, about the size of pancakes, but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipattees*,) which they call in the Norse tongue '*flat-brod*.' To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon. The latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious morsel even to an Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains abound are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic moss, (*lichen Islandicus*,) when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance. The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin, which are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributable to the difficulty of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheep-skins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposit themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable German mode of sleeping between two feather beds."

We must now pass to Sweden for a specimen.

"In one of the first stages in Sweden I was accompanied through a forest of firs by a fine girl of eighteen. She jumped up and took her seat behind with all the confidence of a man and the innocence of a child. At the end of the stage, she mounted her nag, and returned to the plough or the farm. There is a peculiar simplicity in the Scandinavians. They are unacquainted with some of the decorums, and perhaps more of the evils, of a higher state of civilisation. In one house I entered, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of great beauty of feature, was cooking the family meal, with no other garb than a petticoat. In another, two men and three women were distributed in three beds. My entrance did not disconcert them. One of the women arose, and procured me some milk; while the others only stretched themselves to look at the stranger. The men turned, and yawned; then composed themselves for 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber.'"

"One cannot but feel that Bernadotte is really a great man. His manners are affable, his countenance handsome, and his figure commanding, though not tall. He maintains but little state, and in Sweden is popular. He is reputed to have said—certainly with more vanity than good taste, 'I am so martial, that when I look in the glass I am frightened at myself.' The prince's features are not so regular, nor is his expression so open, as his father's: at the same time, there is something pleasing in his appearance."

Of Russia we can only afford a short conclusive extract.

"Innkeepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a license to keep a hotel, virtually enlists himself, *ipso facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother:—if Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumoured that when *** was ambassador to this court, he found the lock of his writing-case had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate Queen of Prussia, that during her residence at St. Petersburg she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers."

Here we close our pleasant task.

The Catechism of Health; or, Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of Health, and the Attainment of a Long Life: to which are added, Facts respecting the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Cholera. By A. B. Granville, M.D., &c. &c. 18mo. pp. 336. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS little volume comes forth very opportunely. Dr. Granville has had much experience in various quarters of Europe, as well as at home; and his opinions, addressed in plain terms to every capacity, are entitled to due consideration. The catechistical form is adopted as best suited to convey information to the middle and lower orders; and we have every topic connected with health and sickness, with medicine, diet, exercise, &c. &c., treated in a very useful and familiar manner. Amid the multitude, there are points respecting which a different judgment may be entertained; but the whole seems dictated by good common sense and practical knowledge.

It would be impossible for us to enter into the details of so many-formed a treatise; but we shall extract, by way of specimen, some of Dr. G.'s data touching the important and awful disorder which now fixes the public attention. We need only preface our quotations with saying that the doctor is a contagionist in plague—a non-contagionist in cholera; and that for the latter he strongly recommends

counter-irritants and blisters, a new embrocation and stimulating alkaline drops.

"The alarm which has been excited about *cholera*, and the ravages it commits, is indeed great; and, I will be free to say, unnecessarily exaggerated. * * * As I before stated, while speaking of the passions, nothing predisposes us to become affected by prevailing epidemic disorders sooner than terror. * * * I consider it to be the duty of every well-wisher to the community, in the present emergency, to allay, if he have it in his power, the fever of the mind, which is, too frequently, the first stage of that of the body.

"Q. What is *cholera*?—A. The name given to a disease prevalent from time immemorial in every country in the civilised world, and making its appearance generally, and in its more ordinary form, at the close of the summer, during the autumn, or in the rainy season.

"Q. Does the name itself imply any thing that has a reference to the nature of the disease?—A. Not at all. The name is derived from two Greek words—the one meaning *bile*, the other *to flow*, and is meant to imply that this is a bilious disorder, or an overflow of bile—literally, a *bile-flux*—a fact questionable in all species of cholera, but nearly disproved in that severer form of the disorder which is now occupying so much of the public attention.

"Q. Then, *cholera morbus* means no more or less than bilious disorder; as one would say bilious fever or bilious complaint?—A. Just so. And you will immediately perceive the incorrectness of the name, when you shall have been informed that in the severer form of cholera, except in a few cases, bile does not make its appearance either at the outset or during the progress of the disease, but only at the commencement of the recovery.

"Q. But I have also heard the severer form of this disease named *spasmodic* cholera, and *Indian* or *Asiatic* cholera. Are those appellations more appropriate?—A. Neither of them is. The first would imply that *spasm* accompanies only the severer form of the disorder; whereas it is a symptom present in all species of cholera: while the second would equally mislead us, if it induced us to believe that the severer form of cholera is of Indian or Asiatic origin; for cases of the most fatal description of cholera have, from time to time, occurred accidentally, as well as *epidemically*, in all parts of the world, attended by every symptom which characterises the cholera at present raging in Europe. In 1821, an expedition sailed from Trieste, under the command of Baron Schimmellpenning, for the purpose of circumnavigating the globe. It was, I believe, the first that the Austrian government had ever sent out on such an errand; but the accomplishment of its intention was thwarted by the spontaneous appearance of cholera, soon after the arrival of the expedition in warmer latitudes. It proved fatal, in a very short time, to nearly the whole of the crew, including the captain and the celebrated botanist Bohms. In 1600, cholera, in its severest form, made the tour of Europe, and destroyed a very large proportion of those who were attacked by it. The same complaint is now following something like the same course.

"Q. Then, I am to understand, that *the cholera* with which we are threatened as something new to this country, and against the expected importation of which from the continent, the *London Gazette*, of the 20th of Oct., contained sundry extraordinary rules and regulations, is only what is already known as cholera in England, or any where else; with this difference, that its symptoms are more severe, its progress more rapid, and its results more fatal?—A. Exactly so. * * *

"Q. Are there not some other distinguishing marks to be traced between the English and foreign severe cholera?—A. There may be in the intensity of some of the symptoms; but the same symptoms, both as to number and description, are present in the English as well as foreign cholera."

The doctor is severe upon the reports of the London Medical Board, of which he says:—

"They have made several reports, which have been published, and in which they come to conclusions that the events of a few subsequent weeks have shewn to have been precipitate; and they have recommended measures which the same events have proved to be useless, and consequently unnecessary."

The cause of the disease the doctor asserts to be, "a peculiar state, condition, and modification of the atmosphere we live in; a congeries of meteorological phenomena referrible to the air and to the soil we dwell upon; in fact, a blight, a poison, an obnoxious something which is formed round about us—how, we know not—and which, moving with the atmosphere and spreading itself to different extents within it, shews its hostility to the human constitution whenever this is exposed to its direct and continued influence."

This produces, according to him, "excessive proneness to indigestion, with the formation of an acid of the most pungent and deleterious nature, probably nearly allied to muriatic acid, giving rise to the affection of the nerves," &c.

Then comes the *personal* for cure:—

"I place not the slightest faith in your Cajeput oil, camphor, oil of peppermint, or cinnamon—your pure stimulants, and all the cholera drugs which the late Board of Health have suddenly raised into notoriety by their recommendation, and through notoriety into a high price, which has proved the means of making the fortunes of some score of druggists. That which I recommend is simple, cheap, and I trust will be found intelligible as well as easy of execution. On its being ascertained, from the symptoms detailed in this work, that an individual has been attacked by cholera, let a wine-glassful of hot water, with twenty of the 'stimulating alkaline drops,'—of which I have left the prescription with a highly respectable chemist in London [Mr. Garden, of Oxford Street]—and thirty drops of landanum, be given. This is to be repeated every twenty minutes, until some relief or the cessation of vomiting takes place. In the intervals, if great thirst exist, and prostration of strength, with very cold skin and clamminess, large draughts of water, as warm as can be swallowed, with one-fifth part of brandy, should be drunk. This will be found to quench thirst sooner than cold water, and will assist materially in producing a warm perspiration. But as the latter is the next important object to be obtained, and should be secured to the patient without any loss of time, reliance must not be placed alone on the hot brandy and water drunk, nor on the 'stimulating alkaline drops' taken along with it; although they are also a powerful sudorific, at the same time that they safely stimulate the system, and neutralise any acid present in the stomach, with a rapidity scarcely to be believed by those who have not witnessed its effects. Other means must therefore be adopted to produce perspiration at all events, and that quickly too; and as in the choice of these we are much limited by the necessity of keeping the patient quiet in the horizontal position, our endeavours should be directed to the application of heat with a little moisture to the body. For this purpose I recommend a couple of bushels of bran, boiled rapidly in very little water in a copper or large saucepan or earthen vessel over a brisk fire, drained through a flannel, and very thickly scattered all over the chest and belly of the patient, sides and all. This is to be retained in its place by bringing the two sides of a blanket, on which I suppose the patient to be lying, over the belly, and fastening them tight in that position. This process will produce, in a very few minutes, the most copious and warm perspiration. The refuse grains of malt or oats, similarly boiled, will answer the same purpose where bran is not at hand. I have no faith in the portable vapour-baths, the steam of water thrown up under the bed-clothes, or the lighting of a spirit-lamp, placed similarly, which have been recommended. I have often and long ago tried all these means in cases of puerperal fever and acute rheumatism; and in one remarkable instance of the latter disease in my own case, but found them totally inadequate to the object in view, and many of them quite inefficient. Let not the public, therefore, be misled on this point. As for sand-bags and bags of salt, as mentioned in the circular of the former Board, they are perfectly inactive, besides being troublesome, because of the great number that is required of them, and the time lost in preparing them. * * * While the warm applications are proceeding, and the internal medicines given, a degree of revulsion should be produced by rapidly promoted counter-irritation on the skin. This will be found to give impetus to the circulation, and thereby to ease the tumult existing in the centre of the body. The counter-irritation should be applied to the thighs and to the upper part—not to the soles, as recommended, of the feet. There are a great many counter-irritants, or agents, which produce irritation on the surface of the body, that have been recommended in this disease (for the principle is generally adopted by all of us); but some are objectionable, and most of them too slow in their operation; and here we have no time to lose. A common blister is too slow; a mustard poultice, besides being slow, is inefficient; tartarised antimony ointment is out of the question. Nitric acid, and even a liniment with vitriolic acid, have been recommended and employed; but these char the skin, and form eschars, which are, so far, a check, rather than an encouragement, to rapid counter-irritation. Some practitioners, fully aware of the great importance of raising a blister on the surface of the body quickly, have actually poured boiling water on the belly in the treatment of cholera; but this is a cruel method, and liable to much consequent mischief. As to camphor and turpentine liniments, we might as well amuse ourselves in blowing cold air on the limbs of the patient. The effect to be produced must be rapid, permanent, available, and general in its influence on the constitution."

The doctor then prescribes his own embrocation;—but we cannot decide where doctors differ, and therefore here make our bow.

Biographical Sketches and authentic Anecdotes of Quadrupeds. By Captain T. Brown. 12mo. pp. 590. Glasgow, 1831, Fullarton and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

We remember a story of an old gentleman who was so addicted to draw the long-bow, and yet so conscious of his failing, that he commissioned a favourite servant to give him a nudge

whenever he found him shooting too far over the mark. His worship, it is related, was one day telling of an extraordinary fox he had hunted down in America, the tail or brush of which he assured the company was a hundred yards in length. This was too much for John, and an undeniable nudge was the consequence. His master accordingly qualified a bit—he would not assert that it was quite a hundred yards, but he was sure it was full eighty—another nudge. He came down to fifty—nudge the third. Forty—nudge. Thirty—ditto. Twenty—it would not do. Ten—John was inexorable. At last it was only five—but nudge *encore* was still the order of the day; upon which the angry story-teller leapt up in wrath, and swearing by —— it *was* five, turned upon the caitiff with the exclamation, "Curse you, sir! won't you allow the fox to have any tail at all?"

Captain Brown's book is very amusing, and there are hundreds of anecdotes, &c. of all kinds of animals, traits of them, accounts of their habits, and, in short, much to inform and entertain the reader; but we must play John, and nudge a little: *ex. gr.*—

"*A domesticated Weasel.*—Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, we have the following interesting account of one in a letter of Mademoiselle de Laistre. 'If I pour some milk into my hand,' says she, 'it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odours by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, entering by a place that is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered. At night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols, it comes into my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth like a little dog; leaping on my head and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility, that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times, as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it morally detests; in which case it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to the sound of its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me with its two little paws; it frequently pats me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intention, when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him. On these occasions, he will conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and spring on me as I pass with astonishing quickness. His vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking; but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this particular sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams. It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hand. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue, for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself, but this he would not do. I then dipt a piece of linen cloth in it; this seemed to afford him much pleasure, by rolling himself over it, which he did frequently. The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer or box without his roving through every part of them: if even a piece of paper or a book is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to, and survey with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar: he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without their offering him the smallest injury.'"

"*A singular Device.*—A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, looking through the edge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighbouring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but, in a few minutes, the wolf returned to the charge, and, approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leapt upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance."

"*Singular Interposition.*—A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before shewed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury."

"*Old Sparrows are not caught with Straws.*—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bedchamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was the parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds, and kill them. One morning, giving a 'longing, lingering look' at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitring, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while, the birds came, and she resumed her favourite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity."

"*The Sparrow protected.*—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day, a cat, belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought, bleeding and half dead, to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin."

"*Indicators of Earthquakes.*—The following extraordinary anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger from earthquakes is well authenticated. In the year 1783, two cats belonging to a merchant of Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxiously to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and, on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after, there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats."

"*Instinct of a Sheep.*—The following anecdote is really worthy of being told by the Ettrick Shepherd, or the Poet of the Lakes, and we therefore regret that the incident did not happen in the vicinity of 'still St. Mary's Loch,' or on the pastoral braes of Westmoreland. A gentleman of Inverness, on a recent journey in the Highlands, while passing through a lonely and unfrequented district, observed a sheep hurrying towards the road before him, as if to interrupt his progress, and at the same time bleating most piteously. On approaching nearer, the animal redoubled its cries, and, looking significantly in the face of the traveller, seemed to implore some favour or assistance at his hands. Touched with a sight so unusual, the gentleman alighted, and leaving his gig, followed the sheep to a field in the direction whence it came. There, in a solitary cairn, at

a considerable distance from the road, the sheep halted, and the traveller found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones of the cairn, and struggling feebly, with its legs uppermost. The gentleman instantly extricated the little innocent sufferer, and placed it safely on the neighbouring greensward, while its overjoyed mother poured forth her thanks in a long-continued and grateful, if not a musical, strain."

These are staggering *facts*. Some pretty plates adorn the volume in which they are recorded.

Cavendish. Colburn and Bentley.

[Second notice.]

In our first notice of this work, which is making a good deal of stir in certain of the upper and professional circles, we expressed our disapprobation rather sharply upon its demerits; for we thought its statements derogatory to the character we wish to entertain of the naval service; we disliked frequent oaths, however characteristic; and we would never advise any man to print (what no man ought to tell) accounts of his amours and intrigues. But in performing this duty, we did not mean to be unjust to the talent of the author, which, under proper restraints, is far from inconsiderable. He has also evidently mixed with the higher ranks in society; and his book has some striking political matter to attract public attention. Indeed, we are inclined to surmise (however improbable the supposition) that the out-of-the-way form of a novel has been in this instance adopted to forward a particular political purpose. To support this opinion we quote a note, and another extract from the third volume, which we should rather have expected to meet in a pamphlet or parliamentary report.

"I owe it to myself to say, that it was originally intended to introduce, as an appendix, numerous government documents passing between the admiral, the ministers, and the English ambassador, which warranted this assertion, and one still more extensive, namely, that no government in any country could have more grossly violated every feeling and principle of public honour and justice, than did the late one of the Duke of Wellington towards the officers and men of Navarin. Three weeks, however, before the appearance of this novel, circumstances occurred to render the suppression of these pages indispensable."

"Happening one morning at breakfast to inquire of my father where he had dined on the preceding evening, he replied, 'At Prince L——d's.' 'Did you hear any thing new?' 'Yes; by the merest accident I did; not only was it new, but, I think, rather monstrous; tell sadly against my party, if it were known. I hardly think it safe to communicate the circumstance to you, you're such a confounded hot young Whig. You really should, Manvers, take your father's politics.' 'Oh, doubtless, sir! perhaps you'd wish me to wear your old clothes; but let me have this murder out.' 'Well, then, be discreet in mentioning it. At the dinner-table I happened to get next my old friend, Count ——, and, in the course of the evening, we chanced to be talking, in one of the window-recesses, in German, when the Duke of W——n and Sir Edward Codrington passed near us in earnest conversation. Of course I did not move, and was taken for a second foreigner, who did not understand English. 'Sir Edward Codrington,' said the duke, 'I am happy to inform you that I am making arrangements to give you a pension of eight hundred a-year for your services.' 'Indeed, your grace! then I cannot accept it.' 'Oh, but indeed you must! it comes from the king, and is the most handsome thing possible.' 'I cannot see how the king, my lord duke, can reward my services, after what has passed, in this manner. I hope there is not a more loyal subject in his majesty's dominions than myself; but I must, in this instance, consult my own feelings. You will recollect, you have as yet given me no answer to the memorial which I sent in, requesting that the men might be remunerated for the clothes which they lost by the shot in the battle of Navarin; neither have you taken any steps towards giving us a grant for the action; and can your grace imagine that I will receive a pension, when my men are thus allowed to go unrewarded, and the action has been so much misrepresented? Your grace has commanded an army, and I have commanded a fleet—a combined fleet—and your grace is very well aware, how much the men look up to a commander-in-chief for protection and the remembrance of their claims. No; if his majesty wished to reward me for the action, let my officers and men, who shared in my danger, share my reward.' 'You mistake, Sir Edward,' replied the duke, 'the merit of the battle has never been denied; besides, the treaty at Alexandria is sufficient to establish your reputation. But, with regard to a parliamentary grant, the law is against you.' 'Yes, your grace, I know it is, if you choose to make it so; but we have as much right to it as Lord Exmouth: the circumstances are the same.' 'No; in that case war was declared.' 'I know it; Lord Exmouth was instructed, if he could not obtain what he demanded, he was to declare war by firing on Algiers. He did so; but, in my case, the Turks first fired upon us, thus virtually declaring war; and because we were the defendants, instead of assailants, we are to lose our grant!' 'Will you not accept the pension then?' inquired the duke, rather chagrined. 'Most decidedly not, my lord duke,'—when they bowed and separated.' 'Good heavens! my dear sir, do you actually mean to say that the whole of this took place? I can hardly believe such a thing.' 'That may be very likely; I will not swear to every syllable, nor perhaps to every phrase; but of this I am most positive, I have given you nothing more than the sense of their conversation, and nearly all the wording of it.' 'Well, it indeed seems monstrous that a ministry could be found silly enough to attempt patching up their v—— by such a paltry bribe; and if any thing were wanting to prove Sir Edward Codrington's nobleness of soul, and the opposite quality in the other, it is this transaction."

Family Classical Library, No. XXIV. Plutarch, Vol. 2. Valpy.

The continuation of Plutarch's Lives, with eight heads, engraved from gems, in a slight, common style.

Divines of the Church of England, No. XIX. Hall's Contemplations, Vol. 2.

Ten books of Bishop Hall's admirable and characteristic Contemplations are the contents of this sequel—a volume worthy of the work of which it is part.

The Jew. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull.

We do not think very much judgment has been employed by the translator of this work. A novel like the present required much softening down, and great curtailment, to give it a chance of English popularity. It is a work of talent; and the character of Esther, though strongly resembling Rebecca, has many excellent qualities; but the characters are crowded, even to forgetfulness; and the thread of the narrative becomes confused by its many and improbable incidents—to say nothing of its exaggerated horrors.

The History of the Great Plague in London, in the year 1665, *&c.* A new edition, with a Preface, &c. 12mo. pp. 311. London, 1831. Renshaw and Rush.

We trust we may not say with reference to this publication, that "coming events cast their shadows before;" though it has a very ominous look at this agitated period. De Foe's description of the awful calamity which scourged the English capital, is probably somewhat exaggerated by his vivid imagination; but a more powerful and appalling work certainly never issued from the press. There are also many things stated in his account, of which a useful application may be made, should we be unhappily visited by any similar affliction.

The Chameleon. 8vo. pp. 312. London, 1831, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Glasgow, Atkinson and Co.

A very pleasant miscellany—tales, essays, poems, with a pretty and romantic German landscape as a frontispiece, which is afterwards illustrated by a legend of the "brave Roland." We select one or two specimens.

"*The Hours.*

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the Hours—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes;
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather, limner, make them lurk—
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,
Every hour before more sleek—
In the dimples, 'neath the lid
Of the eye; or shew them slid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a falcon bound with jesses!
Turning them to silvery gray,
Scattering snow-tints in their play!
Oh! the Hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!"

From a clever series of papers called "the Focus," we take an ingenious defence of dulness.

"*Utility of Dulness.*—Dull, timid, and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society;—the mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure; a sort of trifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without. They are the seasoning of society—somewhat liberally sprinkled, to be sure. They give a *goût* and flavour to the social circle, which even attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become tame without them. A dull uniformity would prevail; and we all know, by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried sprightliness, unshaded mirth, and unrelieved brilliancy. Deathlike dulness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks:—once, in compounding a set of squibs, I forgot to mix up with the positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one explosion, bright no doubt, but transient also, and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up were both bright, sparkling too, and

much more lasting; — besides, they did not scorch me. Dull men are, then, to society what charcoal is to squibs."

We believe Mr. Atkinson, the publisher, is also the author of this volume, which does him much credit.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Few reports were read on Wednesday evening, though we understood others were in a state of forwardness.

A report on a pile-driver was read and recommitted. Reports on a method of preventing the collision of steam-vessels, &c., and on a comb and curling-irons of a particular construction, were also read, neither of which were recommended as deserving the attention of the institution. Almost all public bodies have to contend with the hydra *prejudice!*— perhaps none more than this. The last-mentioned articles, "the comb and curling-irons," from the description given of them by the secretary, really seemed ingenious, and likely to be useful; but we suppose the members considered the subject too trifling for publication.

Several presents were laid on the table, and many communications which had been received were announced, and referred to the respective committees.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. in the chair. —After the election of Fellows, the reading of a paper, by Capt. Edward Cook, R.N. on the geology of the southern provinces of Spain, was begun. A letter was also read from Leonard Horner, Esq. containing translations from the accounts published by Hoffmann in the *Preussische Staats Zeitung*, of the new volcanic island in the Mediterranean, and on its connexion with the neighbouring extinct volcanic island of Pantellarea, and the hot springs and vapour-baths of Sciacca, on the coast of Sicily. This communication was illustrated by specimens of the former island, sent home by Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, and presented to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. and by another similar series also presented to the Society by Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford. Contributions to the museum and library were announced from various scientific societies and private individuals.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 28th. — G. B. Greenough, Esq. in the chair. Three papers were read, viz. 1. Extracts from a MS. volume of researches in Egypt, transmitted to the Society by their author, J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. of Alexandria. 2. A letter from the same gentleman, suggesting a new projection for terrestrial maps, which he had found convenient in his journeys; and 3. A letter from a gentleman lately returned from Java, giving an account of a remarkable valley, called the Guevo Upas, or Poison Valley, — which was communicated by Mr. Barrow, and illustrated by extracts from a letter written by W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P. of the Society, who, when British minister at the Court of Naples, visited the Lago di Amsancto (*Amsancti valles* of Virgil, Æneid, lib. vii. l. 565, into which the fury Alecto threw herself, after having, at the command of Juno, sown the seeds of discord among the Italian cities), the phenomena of which closely resembled those of the valley in Java.

"On approaching within a few yards of the latter," says the narrative, "we experienced a strong nauseous, sickening, and suffocating smell; but on coming close to the edge this left us, and we were lost in astonishment at the scene before us. The valley appeared half a mile in circumference, oval, the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat, without vegetation, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, &c. interspersed with large stones, without any appearance of vapour, or opening in the ground, which appeared to be of a hard, stony substance. The sides of the valley, from the top to the bottom, were covered with trees and shrubs. Having lighted our cigars, we prepared to descend; and, with the assistance of bamboos, went down within eighteen feet of the bottom. We then fastened a dog to a bamboo, and sent him in, having our watches in our hands; and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, nor ever moved his limbs, or turned to look round, though he continued to breathe for eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, and walked in to where the other dog lay; and in ten seconds he fell on his face, and only continued to breathe for seven minutes. A fowl was then tried, which died in a minute and a half; and another seemed to expire before even touching the ground. On the opposite side of the valley was lying a human skeleton, which I was most anxious to get, but the attempt would have been madness. The bones, from exposure to the air, were bleached as white as ivory. The human skeletons are supposed to have been rebels, who, pursued from the main road, may have sought shelter here, ignorant of the fatal properties of the place. The contiguous range of mountains is volcanic, and two craters are at no great distance; but in the valley itself there is no smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of eruption having ever taken place.

"The Lago di Amsancto," says Mr. Hamilton, "is of a rhomboidal form, about twenty paces in its shortest, and thirty in its longest dimension. The water is of a deep ash colour, almost black, and bubbles up over a large proportion of the surface, with an explosion resembling distant thunder, and to the height of two feet, more or less. On one side of the lake there is also a constant and rapid stream, of the same blackish water, running into it from under the barren rocky hill; but the fall is not more than a foot or two: and a little above are some holes, through which warm blasts of sulphuretted hydrogen gas are continually issuing, with more or less noise, according to the sizes of the openings. Some are oblong, others perfectly round. On the opposite side of the lake is another smaller pool of water, on the surface of which are continually floating, in rapid undulations, thick masses of carbonic acid gas, which are visible a hundred yards off. This pool is called the Coccaio, or cauldron; the larger lake is called Mefite; and the openings on the slope above Mefitinelle. These openings you will recognise as the *sævi spiracula Ditis*, and the cauldron as the *specus horrendum* of Virgil.

"The mephitic vapours arising from these waters are at times very fatal, particularly when the wind is strong, and they are borne in a body in one direction. When calm, as when we were there, the danger is much less, as the carbonic acid gas will not, in its natural state, rise above a couple of feet from the ground; and we were thus enabled to walk all round the lake and cauldron, and even step across some parts, taking great care, however, not to stumble so as to fall; as a very short time, with our noses and mouths too near the ground, would have fixed us to the spot *asphyxiés*. Many insects lay dead around us; and birds are said often to fall in like manner into the lake and on the banks.

"The gaseous products of these waters are, 1. Carbonic acid gas; 2. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas; 3. Sulphurous acid gas; and 4. Carburetted hydrogen gas. When evaporated, their deposit has been found to cure the *scab*, or *rot*, among the neighbouring sheep; and an attempt has been made to establish a sulphur manufactory here, as on Solpaterra, but without success. The banks have thus been much changed since the days of Virgil; but the great features still remain substantially the same, though, on again reading his description, I do not think it that of a person who had visited the spot. It is curious enough, that although the earth is here much blackened, there is no appearance of volcanic soil in the adjoining country."

The thanks of the Society were voted to the respective contributors of the above papers, and the meeting adjourned.

NEW BOILING APPARATUS.

Mr. Perkins, the celebrated engineer, has recently discovered and obtained a patent for a new mode of boiling, by a process so simple, that it is a subject of surprise to all who see it, that it has not been earlier among our useful improvements.

It consists in placing within a boiler, of the form common to the purpose to which it is applied, and of all capacities, from coffee-pots to steam-boilers, a vessel so placed, that it may, by slight stays, be kept at equal distances from the sides and the bottom of the boiler, and having its rim below the level of the liquid: the inner vessel has a hole in the bottom about one-third of its diameter. On the application of the fire to the boiler, the heated liquor rises in the space between the two vessels, and its place is supplied by the descent of the column in the inner vessel, or, as Mr. Perkins calls this part of the apparatus, the *circulator;* for the ascending portion having the space it occupied supplied by the descending liquid in the centre, and the level of the centre being kept up by the running in of the heated portion which has risen on the sides—a circulation rapidly begins and continues; thus bringing into contact with the heated bottom and sides of the boiler the coldest portion of the liquid. By this process the rapidity of evaporation is excessive, far exceeding that of any method previously known; whilst the bottom of the boiler, having its acquired heat constantly carried off by the circulating liquid, never burns out, nor rises in temperature many degrees above the heat of the liquid. In many manufactures this is a most important discovery, especially in salt-works, brewers' boilers, and for steam-boilers; and, applied to our culinary vessels, no careless cook can burn what she has to dress in a boiler by neglecting to stir it, as the circulation prevents the bottom of the boiler from ever acquiring heat enough to do mischief. We need hardly add, that this discovery is esteemed by men of science to be one of the most useful and important of the present day.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

Frequently, in this month, the solar orb is either totally obscured during its brief continuance above the horizon, or its beams, struggling through an atmosphere loaded with vapours,

feebly illumine the regions of the northern world. This dreary aspect of the heavens is occasionally varied, when the air being refined by the frost, the Sun shines with unclouded brilliancy, and his rays, clear, but cold, are reflected from the snow-clad landscape, and sparkle forth from ten thousand glittering gems.

22d. 1h 6m—the winter solstice: the Sun enters Capricornus, and attains his greatest southern declination, 23° 27′ 35″.

31d 14h—the Earth in perihelion: the Sun's apparent diameter at its maximum, 32′ 35″·6, and its apparent daily motion 1° 1′ 10″.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Scorpio	3	19	46
☽ First Quarter in Aquarius	11	23	22
○ Full Moon in Orion	18	17	10
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	25	12	10

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Ophiuchus	4	22	30
Uranus in Capricornus	8	22	0
Jupiter in Capricornus	9	10	40
Aldebaran	17	occultation.	
Regulus	22	occultation.	
Saturn in Leo	24	2	30
Venus in Libra	29	7	50
Mars in Scorpio	30	15	40

Lunar Occultations. — This month will be remarkable for occultations of two of the brightest stars in the northern hemisphere, Aldebaran and Regulus.

17d — Aldebaran will be occulted by the Moon:

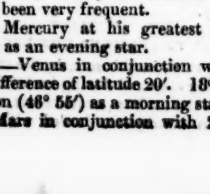
	D.	H.	M.
Immersion	11	8	38
Emersion	11	43	38

The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion:

22d — Regulus, the bright star in Leo, will be occulted:

	D.	H.	M.
Immersion	19	40	32
Emersion	20	41	23

The phase and position of the Moon, and points of immersion and emersion, will be as in the following diagram:



The singular phenomenon of the projection of a star on the disc of the Moon has been observed with Regulus, though not so frequently as with Aldebaran: three or four instances only are recorded as occurring with the former star; with the latter, this anomalous appearance has been very frequent.

25d — Mercury at his greatest elongation (19° 48′) as an evening star.

11d 2h—Venus in conjunction with α Virginis: difference of latitude 20′. 18d—greatest elongation (46° 55′) as a morning star.

7d — Mars in conjunction with 28 Libræ: difference of latitude 30″. 13d — with 41 Libræ: difference of latitude 30″. 18d — with λ Libræ: difference of latitude 3′. 23d — with 1 ω Scorpii: difference of latitude 7′; and with 2 ω Scorpii: difference of latitude 3′.

The Asteroids.

	D.	R.A.	H.	D.	N.D.	°	′
Vesta	6	.....	9	9	.....	18	19
	14	.....	9	10	.....	18	42
	22	.....	9	8	.....	19	15
	30	.....	9	5	.....	19	56
Juno	6	.....	10	26	S.D.	0	2
	14	.....	10	31	.....	0	32
	22	.....	10	34	.....	0	51
	30	.....	10	36	.....	0	56
Pallas	6	.....	20	10	.....	1	12
	14	.....	20	19	.....	1	31
	22	.....	20	29	.....	1	43
	30	.....	20	39	.....	1	48
Ceres	6	.....	21	31	.....	24	26
	14	.....	21	41	.....	23	26
	22	.....	21	51	.....	22	24
	30	.....	22	2	.....	21	19

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	7	7	15	11
	23	5	35	2
Third Satellite	9	5	32	9
immersion	16	6	4	11

7d 2h 45m — Saturn in quadrature. 24d — stationary near σ Leonis.

5d 20h — Uranus in conjunction with ♑ Capricorni: difference of latitude 6′.

Telescopic Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Gemini. — Castor, the brightest star in this zodiacal constellation, is a double star. Both of the stars of which it is composed are of a white colour, and nearly equal in magnitude: they revolve about their common centre of gravity in orbits that are nearly circular, and at right angles to the line of vision. Period of revolution, 342 years and 2 months, in a retrograde direction.

Pollux, the other bright star in Gemini, is a multiple star, and varies in its lustre; fifty years since, it was brighter than Castor: it probably varies between the first and third magnitudes. χ is a very beautiful double star. In the lyre of Castor is a double star, the large star of which is white, and the small a ruddy purple. σ is a double star; large star yellow, small bluish. ϑ and ζ are also double stars. North-west of η in Castor is a mass of small stars. Near this spot in the heavens the planet Uranus was discovered, 13th March 1781.

Cancer. — α is a double star. 2 α is an extremely delicate double star; the large star white, the small red. ϱ is formed of six stars: 3 σ, ι, 9, and φ, are double; ζ is a triple star, two of which are of a pale red colour: it requires very favourable circumstances to be seen distinctly. Three stars (26, 73, and 74) have been missed from this constellation. Between γ and δ is a mass of small stars. Below the southern claw of Cancer is a cluster in which 200 small stars have been counted. The nebula in Cancer, and that in Coma Berenices, are supposed to be the nearest clusters to the Via Lactea, the nebula to which our Sun belongs.

Occultation of Saturn. — Nov. 26 (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 771). The limb of the Moon was undulating at immersion. Apparent contact of the western ansæ with the enlightened disc of the Moon 16h 32m 29s; disappearance of the eastern ansæ 16h 33m 5s; emersion 17h 41m 52s. A mist partially obscured the Moon at emersion, so as to render the re-appearance of the ring of Saturn indistinct: the extremities of the ansæ were very dim.

Deptford. J. T. Barker.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday the annual meeting was held; his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A list was read, which contained the names of a number of distinguished individuals, fellows of the Society, who had died during the past session; amongst these were Captain Henry Foster, late commander of the Chanticleer; Mr. Abernethy; the Rev. Fearon Fallows; Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin; Mr. Thomas Hope; and the famous physiologist, Sœmmering, of Göttingen.—His Royal Highness next read his address. It was a well-expressed epitome of the leading events which had taken place in the Society since the royal duke's election as president. In the language of respect it referred to the distinguished scientific men who, since the days of Newton, had filled the same most honourable office. His (the duke's) early education, his occupation, and his rank in life, had somewhat prepared him for the important duties which were expected to be performed by the President of the Royal Society, who was the official representative of the institution at the British Museum, the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and, in short, the medium of communication between the Society and other public bodies, as well as the government. He looked for the prompt assistance of the fellows, and disclaimed all other feelings than those which had for their end the advancement of science, and the common honour of the country. Of the accomplished philosopher* to whom he had the honour of being opposed at the last election, he felt it was impossible to speak otherwise than in terms of admiration, respect, and good will, which future acquaintance would ripen into sincere friendship. In speaking of the deceased fellows, whose names had been enumerated, the royal duke characterised Mr. Abernethy as a man of a bold spirit for philosophical investigation, — rough, probably, in manner, but possessing, in a superlative degree, the finer feelings of the heart, which were frequently developed where the curse of poverty was superadded to that of disease. The Rev. Fearon Fallows was another name to be remembered with respect and regret. Appointed by the government to the situation of astronomer at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Fallows took with him to that settlement a variety of exquisitely constructed instruments, the proper management of which, and their application to useful purposes, being only understood by himself, so devoted was he to the cause of science, that, even when labouring under an incurable dropsy, he was carried in blankets, by his servants, to the observatory, in order that he might wind up his chronometers, adjust his apparatus, and take the necessary observations. Mr. Thomas Hope, author of Anastasius, and Archbishop Magee, author of the well-known work on the Atonement, were names not likely to be forgotten in literature.

His Royal Highness delivered the address in a very emphatic manner, and stated that his friend Dr. Roget had prepared another, which would also be communicated to the meeting. The Doctor's address treated chiefly of the alterations which had been made in the Society's statutes. The sum of 956*l.* raised by the sale of duplicate books in the British Museum, had been received from the trustees of that establishment in part payment

* Sir John Herschel.

of the Arundel MSS., and future payment was expected in the spring, at which period a second sale of the British Museum's duplicates was to take place. The money already received by the Royal Society, as above stated, had been nearly all expended in the purchase of books on science; and the additional room required for the proper keeping of these had led to a successful negotiation, through the royal president, for the adjoining chambers, lately belonging to the Privy Seal office. The president then delivered the Copley medal to the Rev. George Peacock, who had been commissioned to receive it for Professor Airy, of Cambridge, to whom it was awarded for his various papers on achromatic eye-pieces, and on optics generally. The royal medal was not awarded, in consequence of the arrangements regarding its foundation not being yet permanently made.

The addresses and report were unanimously ordered to be printed. His Royal Highness and the other officers of the Society were re-elected. From the unanimity of the elections we think it may confidently be hoped that the divisions which have existed in this ancient Society, to the deterioration of science, are now healed.

In the evening the Fellows dined together at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand, and many good speeches were delivered on the occasion. The President was in the chair.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 24th. Mr. Hallam in the chair. The first paper read was by Mr. Palgrave, on Cædmon, the Anglo-Saxon versifier of the Holy Scriptures. It was remarked, that his name is dissimilar to any in use among the Anglo-Saxons, but closely resembles the word with which the first chapter of Genesis commences in the Chaldean version. It is therefore presumed that this name may have been given to the poet in allusion to his great work; or else that, as the same word was applied to whatever came from the East, it might commemorate the fact, that Cædmon had visited that part of the world. A portion was also read of an interesting memoir on Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and his conduct regarding Elizabeth Barton, the prophesying maid of Kent; by John Bruce, Esq. Mr. Carlile presented a drawing of a Roman altar, found within these few days; but where we did not learn. Several fellows were elected.

Dec. 1st.— Mr. Buckler exhibited a drawing of an ancient salver, belonging to the parish of Bermondsey, which he supposed to have been originally the property of the Abbey of Bermondsey. The secretary read a further portion of Mr. Bruce's paper on the history of Fisher, bishop of Rochester, who fell a victim to his obstinate adherence to the pope's supremacy, in the reign of Henry VIII. It gave an affecting account of the arbitrary persecution and hardships which the unfortunate prelate suffered. In a letter addressed to Cromwell, during his confinement in the Tower, he says, "I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yett other clothes, that ar necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged and rent to shamefully. Notwithstonding, I myght easyly suffer that, if thei wold keep my body warm." "And, ass our Lord knoweth, I have no thyng laft un to me for to provyde eny better, but ass my brother of his own purs layeth out for me, to his great hynderance." Yet, such was the barbarous mode of treating prisoners in those days, that Fisher does not appear to have been worse provided for than Sir Thomas More, and others who were confined in the Tower at the same time. The unhappy prelate was so enfeebled by age and hardships, (being nearly eighty,) that he could scarcely walk to the place of his execution; and a chair was carried by him, on which he rested several times.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk; comprising the Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure: from Pictures painted by James Stark; with Historical and Geological Descriptions by J. W. Robberds, jun. Esq. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves; Jennings and Chaplin; and the Artist.

THE plates in the present, as in the former parts of this interesting publication, combine in subject, composition, and detail, the united excellencies of Hobbima, Ruysdael, and Vandervelde, and exhibit the talents of Mr. Stark, and of the able engravers employed, to the greatest possible advantage. We cannot look upon the scenes here represented, hearing as they do every internal mark of fidelity, without experiencing a pleasure similar to that which would attend the contemplation of the reality. Their execution may vie with that of the best performances in the same class of art which this or any other country has produced; and the greatest praise is due to Mr. Stark for the perseverance, as well as taste, which he has displayed in his own individual exertions, and to Messrs. W. R. Smith, G. Cooke, R. Brandard, W. Forrest, J. F. Lambert, J. H. Kernot, and C. Fox, for the manner in which those exertions have been seconded. The historical and geological descriptions, by Mr. Robberds, are perspicuous and unaffected. The work is dedicated, by permission, to his most gracious Majesty William the Fourth. We feel ourselves bound to say that the royal patronage was never more worthily bestowed; and we sincerely hope it will be followed by the general encouragement to which merit is justly entitled.

Visits of William IV., when Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, to Portsmouth, in the Year 1827. By Henry Moses. Arch, &c.

IN noticing the concluding number of a publication of which we have repeatedly spoken with praise, we are bound in justice to observe, that we think Mr. Moses has an undoubted right to entertain the expectation with the expression of which he closes his introductory address: — "It has been the desire of the engraver of the following views to leave a lasting memorial of the principal occurrences during a visit so interesting to those who were locally connected with the place, and so important to the naval service of the empire. Her present Majesty was the companion of her royal consort during the latter part of this memorable visit; and now that the characters of the King and Queen have been more fully developed, and most enthusiastically appreciated by all classes of their Majesties' subjects, the editor trusts that in laying his present labours before the public at large, he will perform a service that will not be unacceptable to every loyal and patriotic mind in the British empire."

CHOLERA MORBUS.

[We are again favoured with a valuable communication from Sunderland, to the particulars of which—clear, direct, and elucidatory as they are of this awful visitation—we earnestly claim the public attention.]

Sunderland, Nov. 30.

MY DEAR SIR,— I was prepared, from the discordancy of opinion which exists among medical men as to the contagious or infectious nature of the pestilential cholera, to meet with considerable difficulty in tracing the progress of the disease, and in ascertaining its communicable characters. You will be somewhat surprised, then, to hear, that, while the predisposing causes (at least in their whole extent), and the nature of their communication, remain still to be explained, no doubt remains in my mind as to its really infectious characters. The anticontagionists of this town dwell upon the negative arguments, that some cases originate sporadically, that is to say, without any apparent connexion with diseased persons. I have only seen one case of this kind,— a girl at Monkwearmouth,— who died in a street where several had also perished a short time before. If a whole family is affected in succession, they further state that they are all exposed to the same influence: if this influence is external, how is it possible that it should confine itself to one house? it must be an influence which makes mankind alone the chief means of its dissemination. And, lastly, they argue from the exemption of some who are placed under similar circumstances with others who *are* afflicted by the malady. If all were attacked, there would indeed be little difficulty in establishing the progress and communicability of the disease; and need I point out how fatal it would be? In opposition to these opinions, I have had facts before me of the most evident communication of the disease from one branch of a family to another. The communicability becomes greater immediately after death. (It will require further facts to prove this; but it has occurred in many instances, when the disease could not have been latent, as the person had no previous communication with the deceased.*) I have known persons to sleep one night with a patient, and not catch the disease; they have gone out to sea, and been exposed to cold and fatigue, and the next night, placed under similar circumstances, they have been taken ill, even in the short space of two hours; and I have seen a dozen people around an invalid, and the relation that was paralysed by grief has been the only one who has continued the pestilence in the house. It has now been admitted, that the "tabular view" of Dr. Daun was a kind of trap for the medical men of the town. I think no such measures, which, by mystifying, increased alarm, need have been resorted to, had a little more firmness and energy been shewn on the arrival of the commission. I am certain that none of the respectable practitioners of this town will willingly omit to report a single case. If there are those who conceal the truth, they should be punished with the utmost penalty of the law. I think there is but one opinion, that any quarantine measures upon a large scale would, in this country, be equally useless and impracticable. Had the commercial people of Sunderland been informed that this was the opinion entertained by the highest medical authorities, they probably would never have influenced any of their resident practitioners to conceal facts, or subvert the truth; for even false reports, they must have

* Dr. Daun assisted a dying patient, and was the same night seized with spasms and other symptoms of cholera. I assisted a female at the moment of death, at half-past eleven last night, and at two o'clock in the morning was seized with vomiting, other symptoms, and cramp in the legs, and a general sensation as if a mineral poison had been administered to me. It has prevented my going out to-day, though I have never felt any inconvenience from the closest approximation to the living.

been aware, could never have removed the restrictions attendant upon foreign communication. The pestilence, as it exists here, does not increase in proportion to the number of cases, but in a direct ratio to the number of points over which those cases are spread,—three deaths in one house may only communicate the disease to one person, but the chances will be in favour of those three cases, occurring in three different houses, affecting an equal number of people. The disease forms little *nuclei*—it ravages a court, then enters a wide street; it travels up an alley, and then communicates with another; while, in the midst of this simple and easy to be traced progress, a few solitary cases arise, where predisposition alone appears to be the originating cause. The predispositions which have hitherto come under my notice have been mental and bodily fatigue, previous disease, especially diarrhœa, poverty, and dirt, and drunkenness; but I have seen cases where strong and healthy people, employed in rubbing or taking care of patients, have also been afflicted. The indication here would be, removal as soon as possible to the hospital, or separating, in whatever manner, and as far as practicable, the healthy from the diseased. The total number affected since the 26th of October to Wednesday, Nov. 30th, is 319, of which 97 have died, and 156 recovered, leaving a balance of 66; from which, however, we must subtract 25 cases acknowledged as simple diarrhœa, leaving 41 cases. Considering the population of Sunderland at 40,000, this would leave a mortality of a little more than two to the thousand; but the fact is, that almost all these cases have occurred in the parish of Sunderland, whose population cannot be averaged at above 17,000. In 1000 inhabitants, 53½ died at Limberg, 35 at Mitaw, 31 at Riga, 17 at Posen, 13 at Petersburgh, 12 at Konigsberg, 10 at Elbing, 9 at Dantzig, 5½ at Stettin, 4¾ at Berlin.

I cannot send you much information on the character of the disease. It presents itself here in a type much modified from what has been described to us of its appearance in Asia and on the continent. There have been few of the very violent and immediately fatal cases; and when they occur, it is difficult to see them: the patient is generally seized between the hours of one and three in the morning, and life is extinct before any assistance can be given. In other cases, it runs through the symptoms of a congestive fever, which terminates in an almost always fatal collapse, of a typhoid or malignant type. The treatment, hitherto, has been very varied, but attended with very indecisive results. One of the most marked cases of recovery was a pilot, under Mr. Torbock's care,—he was bled, had oxygen administered and large doses of ammonia. We were called to him at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th; and yesterday, the 29th, he was recovering without the consecutive fever.

The fact of the occurrence of cases of cholera at Newcastle is, I suppose, now officially announced. I received on Monday morning a letter from that town, announcing the dissection of a man who, I believe, attended a funeral in this town. Another case of a servant girl was also stated to have been fatal on Sunday. The chance of study which the slow progress of the disease affords, though much diminished by the impossibility of obtaining *post mortem* examinations (orders from council have come down for the burial of the dead twelve hours after death), furnish grounds for considerable hope, that observation and experience will yet enable us to combat more successfully against this new and most malignant disease. I remain, &c.

W. Ainsworth.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SIN OF PUNNING.

Mr. Editor,—It was with some degree of pleasure that I read in your last week's* number a letter against punning; though, according to my views, the subject was not treated with the gravity it deserved. It may, indeed, be said, a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. To persuade a punster of the truth of this remark would doubtless be a fruitless effort; as his mind, ere he became a punster, must have been reduced to too infirm a state for the perception of truth. However, to those who may have considered punning merely as an innocuous waste of time, and who do not feel that horror of the practice it deserves, I beg to offer a few observations, which I trust will save them from so debasing a practice.

What is punning? Merely distorting words, in order to make fools laugh at the expense of truth. What an aim!—but such is the *aim* of a punster, though the effect is more deadly than *his* mind can perceive. To any man who has thought at all, it must be apparent that he thinks through the medium of words; and even by a punster it must be admitted, that almost all the ideas he obtains are through the same medium: further, that in the most studied compositions, where the great aim of the writer is to convey ideas definitely, such is the natural infirmity of language that it is found almost impossible to do so. Yet the punster wishes to cause such confusion in the symbols that represent ideas, that nobody shall be able to consider any one as the representative of a positive or separate idea. Well may it be said, then, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket—in fact, what paltry crime, what reckless cruelty, would a creature not be guilty of, who feels a pleasure in creating confusion in the intellect of man, and in reducing him to a lower grade than brutes, who, so far as they do convey their ideas to each other, do it so as to be understood?

This ignoble habit is not only horrible in its consequences, but demonstrates on the part of those who fall into it, that their minds are incapable of seeing that they are not doing what they suppose they are about; for where is the punster who does not consider himself witty? Yet, how can any one but a man with the mind of a punster conceive there is any thing like wit in making a person suppose you mean one thing when you mean another, or in selecting two sounds representing two ideas and blending them in one, so as to destroy—what? Why, one human idea! A hound would be hanged for giving a false cry; yet a punster thinks himself permitted falsely to convey mental notions, and glories in his shame. Poor wretch, when he triumphs, what a triumph is his!—he has succeeded in mystifying words! But were those words even represented by corresponding words in any other language, his paltry power even over words would cease. Such is the triumph of the punster—such, as has been represented, the baneful tendency of his horrible aim! Who then would be a punster? who would call a punster friend? who is there that must not loathe a being that, to gratify his vanity, would obscure the highest prerogative of his species?

Alas, poor punster! I pity and despise thee! I remain, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and hater of puns,

Senex.

Sir,—In your Journal of last week, an uncle of mine thought proper to expose all my peculiarities to the public gaze. Now, sir, I am extremely partial to puns. Nature did not endow me with much wit; but if she has in this respect behaved niggardly towards me, she has made me the most ample amends by endowing me with a power of perverting words and distorting sense. I would most readily play upon ideas, if I had any, instead of words; for I will confess, that in the happiest pun I ever uttered, I have marred, rather than made society. I observe, that whenever I am delivered of a pun, the heads of all who chance to understand it go up into the air like hounds at fault; and a loud and lengthened "Oh!" succeeds, which by no means promotes the free-trade of conversation. But, sir, my uncle is a very disagreeable person to live with, and annoys me as much with a species of wit peculiar to himself as I can possibly disturb him with my puns—it is what in Queen Anne's time her maids of honour called "selling a bargain:" sometimes it is coarse, often inapplicable, and always annoying. I will confess, sir, that I often bring this upon myself; but then I maintain, that if he sells me any thing, he has no right to foist upon me more than I am willing to purchase. Perhaps, sir, I am not explicit: I will therefore illustrate what I mean to aver. I pride myself, sir, upon my dancing: my uncle saw me, not long since, "*chasser*" and "*croisser*," and being in a better mood than usual, complimented me by observing how remarkably well I acquitted myself. Now, sir, my uncle was dancing himself—he is old, stiff, and heavy; and I leave it to you to say if I was too severe in replying to him, that "I was sorry I *could not* return the compliment." He did not pause, sir, a single instant, but, turning upon his heel, said, "Yes, *you can*—tell a lie, as I did." I was vexed, sir, because I did not expect it; and an answer of this sort is peculiarly annoying to me—it makes me *look* I don't know how. Upon this occasion I thought to have the last word; and though my remark was not peculiarly apposite, still I wished to get out of the scrape on any terms, and rejoined—"It won't do, uncle; you have got hold of the bull by the horns." Upon which he forthwith "wished me joy of having *the other end*."

These, and such *bargains* as these, are my daily fare. I am confident that you will agree with me, sir, in thinking that there is no wit in them equal even to a moderate pun. But, sir, upon the subject of puns my uncle is remarkably ignorant. Dr. Johnson was much too wise a man ever to have made so very silly an observation as my uncle attributes to him. The pun, such as it was, may as well be given to me as to the doctor: it was upon the occasion of a *snuff*-box being presented to Rowe, accompanied by the admonitory caution of two Greek letters, Φ P (fie, Rowe); and the observation was, that he who could make such a pun as that *one in particular* would be capable of picking a pocket. But there is no more reason for attributing it to Dr. Johnson, either by adoption or affiliation, than there would be for making your correspondent and my uncle, Pitt Williams, support the whole of the Foundling Hospital. Again, sir: my uncle does not seem to know the great services that puns have done to the world. The main authority for the supremacy of papacy is in a pun—and not a

* It was the correspondence, &c. in the week before, which produced us these grave and semi-grave epistles. We insert them in continuation of the plan mentioned in our last.—*Ed.*

very good one either, unless you select the language that you tell it in—"Tu es *Pierre*, et sur cette *pierre*." If this be not a pun, it is at least a very strange coincidence of terms. Pasquin and Marforius were punsters—upon the statue itself was a pun: "Pasquinus eram, nunc lapis, forsan apis, quia pungo." My uncle contradicts me here, and classes all the Pasquinades under the head of wit: he quotes without end that one recorded by Matthews in his "Diary of an Invalid," upon the occasion, in late days, of a man of the name of Cæsar espousing a lady of the name of Roma—it is in Latin, and very terse—at least my uncle tells me so, for I know nothing about it myself. On the morning after the marriage, Pasquin's trunk bore the following: "Cave, Cæsar, ne tua Roma *res publica* fiat!" Cæsar was angry, and retorted the next morning, in the full consciousness of his power—"Cæsar imperat." But with an obstinacy worthy of my uncle, the following morn bore the melancholy consequences—"Ergo coronabitur." This, my uncle says, is wit, in contradistinction to punning; but if I ask him to define wit, he invariably does it by exemplification. Now, this is not fair, because it is not definite, and presupposes the power of appreciating the force of the example, which I do not possess. It is all nonsense to ask me if I can define colours because I discern them, and is not in the least to the purpose—I cannot help seeing the colours, and it very rarely happens to me to see the wit. Where then is the analogy? "Don't you know where it is?" he says to me; and I reply, in order to cut the conversation quite short, "Uncle, I know nothing, care for nothing, am nothing." "You come of a very ancient family," he replies; although, being my uncle, he must know whence I come.

Now, sir, all this is very well, and may or may not be to the purpose: all that I can tell you, sir, is, that if you wish success to your Garrick Club, and allow persons to rake up old stories because they are applicable, or to put down punsters by selling them bargains, after the manner of my crochety old uncle, I can see very little probability of men with moderate abilities being acceptable members of your society. My uncle insists upon having his name put down as a candidate. I am anxious, however, that all our differences should be reconciled before we admit him; and he himself is not averse to it, having proposed a method of bringing so desirable an object to an accomplishment, in a manner, as he himself says, that must be agreeable to all. But again, sir, he does it in his old strain—by exemplification; and assures me that it may be brought about just as easily as the feud between two Indian chiefs was arranged, though the offence on each side was grievous. A wise Daniel was called in to arbitrate the matter, who most sagaciously decreed, that the "offending parties should kiss and be friends again." I accept the terms.

I have the honour to be, &c. R. S.

Sir,—My nephew writes to me from London; and as you may perhaps like to see a genuine epistle of this modern Miller, I forward it neat as imported.—Your subscriber,

Pitt Williams.

London, Nov. 30, 1831.

"Dear Uncle,—I arrived here last week by the "Regulator"—so slow, that I feel convinced every thing goes by it. London seems quite deserted, or rather full of that ère (air) fog; atmosphere quite like pea-soup, thick and yellow. I paid a visit to "the Brothers" at the Adelphi: heard Mathews is going to resign—Liston to have his appointment, upon "paying the difference." Saw *Victorine*: Mrs. Yates perfection—quite the "Guardian Nalad of the Strand." A piece evidently named to puzzle the Cockneys, the Vept of the Vish ton Vish—it ought to have been called, or the Vild Vigvam of the Voods—is pretty good, though Celeste is not a very celestial being. Reeve, in the *Lions of Mysore*, out-Herods Herod; he is a modern Cœur de Lion, and decidedly the greatest beast I ever saw. There is also a wonderful monkey, who claws every thing, Paulo by name; I rather objected to him, as you do to the Bill, in consequence of his obnoxious claws. By the way, at Gateshead last week they enacted *Venice Preserved*, and called it "Reform must Prosper;" this is like calling *Othello* at the Coburg "Is He Jealous?" I tried this joke on with the check-taker at the theatre—he took my ticket, but not my joke; if you had seen his rage, when I told him he would not let a joke pass without a cheque! I have also patronised the Theatre de Madame; the Widow is done to the life by the Widow. She is decidedly the first *artiste* of the day; her Pandora is a *chef-d'œuvre*. In the absence of her fair and beauteous rival Sidney, a gem from the Emerald Isle has appeared in her part, Amelia Craufurd by name. Her Madame Thibaut was replete with *naiveté* and spirit, and she bids fair to become a popular favourite. I fear Covent Garden is doing badly. It is fully expected the High *Sheriff* will convene many great meetings there shortly. I should like to *C* (see) Kemble prosper. Wea-therell calls Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, who escaped through the attic, the Mayor of Garratt. Attic salt with a vengeance! Did you hear your friend Frank's last? He was asked if there was any chance of Lincoln Stanhope being Lord Harrington. "He's within a *foote* of it," replied Frank.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

Arne's Opera of *Artaxerxes* was performed on Thursday, and introduced to us Miss Shireff in *Mandane*. It was her first appearance as a dramatic singer; and we beg to congratulate her upon a very meritorious and successful *début*. The qualifications of this young lady for the high station she has so suddenly assumed are various and great. Her voice is distinguished for its sweetness and flexibility—her style of singing is tasteful and expressive—and her execution, though florid, is unaccompanied by any sign of painful effort, or by any thing but the most perfect ease and propriety: in this respect, indeed, she resembles Sontag more than any English singer we have seen. To these gifts as a vocalist may be added a very pleasing countenance, a slight and agreeable figure, and, as far as we could judge under the disadvantages of a first appearance, we should pronounce her to be a very agreeable actress. We need hardly add, that her success was most complete; and we think that she may now dispense with the numerous and noisy train of supporters who occupied the theatre on Thursday evening. In no instance could the danger arising from vulgar and injudicious friends be more strikingly apparent than on this occasion. The rest of the opera was well performed, and the scenery and dresses are extremely splendid. Braham's *Artabanes* is too well known to require criticism: it was never finer. Wilson was not quite at home in *Arbaces*, and we forbear saying more because the character was new to him. Miss H. Cawse gave the recitative of Artaxerxes almost better than any of the other performers, and her song of "In infancy," was loudly and deservedly encored. We anticipate good houses and a replenished treasury from this excellent revival.

The same opera was done the same evening at Drury Lane, and is to be repeated to-night. Is this either wise or politic? Is not the manager rather doing himself a serious injury? If a person wishes to see *Artaxerxes*, he will naturally prefer going where there is some novelty in the cast. And why, if a family is desirous of visiting one of the theatres, is it to be compelled to see *Artaxerxes*, and nothing else? Is it to gratify Mrs. Wood, who may fear a rival "near the throne?" This lady, we can assure her, has as little to apprehend from Miss Shireff, as Miss Shireff has from her. They are as strongly contrasted as possible—they are "*pares, magis quam similes*;" and there is "ample verge and room enough" in this great town for both.

VARIETIES.

The Apollonicon.—Here we occasionally take our ease and recreation; and we recommend all those who "delight in sweet sounds," and who wish to pass an agreeable hour, to visit this establishment, where they will be charmed with selections from our best masters, played with great taste and execution by Mr. Purkis. The overture to Der Freischutz, performed by machinery, is a splendid performance.

Oriental Translation Committee.—Mr. W. Huttmann having resigned his situation of Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee; at a meeting held on Monday, the 21st of November, the Right Hon. Sir G. Ouseley, Bart., chairman, in the chair, Graves C. Haughton, Esq. F.R.S., was requested to accept the office of Honorary Secretary to the committee: Mr. James Mitchell was, on the same occasion, appointed temporary Assistant Secretary.

Royal Asiatic Society.—At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, held the 26th of November, the Earl of Munster, V.P. in the chair, Mr. W. Huttmann's resignation of the office of Assistant Secretary and Deputy Librarian to the Society was accepted; and Mr. Mitchell was appointed *pro tempore* in his room to both of the vacant offices. At the request of the Council, Mr. Haughton agreed to superintend the affairs connected with the Secretary's office.

The Drawing-room Scrap-Book, with about forty various and beautiful engravings, illustrated by short compositions from the pen of L. E. L., many of them delightful productions, is too late for any other notice this week, than that we consider it a most graceful and interesting work, and likely to be a favourite every where.

An Essay on National Character, by the late R. Chenevix, and edited by T. Pery Knox, is, as to time, in a like predicament; but we cannot dismiss its immense erudition, great research, and great talent, in so perfunctory a manner: we trust to be able to do it something like justice in our next number.

Epigram, addressed impromptu to a newly married Lady, who had wedded a rich Booby for his Wealth, and who wore a beautiful Carnelian Heart hung round her neck by a Gold Chain.

Young Love is a tyrant, you say?
Not *his* chain round thy bosom is thrown;
To our breast thou art link'd for ever and aye
With a chain of gold to a heart of stone! J. R.

Moral Courage.—If moral courage is a preventive of cholera, we may be satisfied that even among the lower orders in London, yet, there is no consternation. Yesterday a fellow was leading an old starved rip of a horse down Piccadilly, to the knacker's yard; upon which, a chap of his own class said to another, "I say, Dick, what d'ye think of that ere horse?"—"Think?" replied Dick, with a knowing look, "why I thinks as how he's got the *colliery morbus*."

Smuggling.—Hungarian tobacco is strictly prohibited at Vienna; nevertheless almost every one smokes it. The difficulty of evading the custom-house officers was one day the subject of conversation between the late Empress and Prince E——, who offered, for a high wager, to bring into Vienna a certain quantity of tobacco. He was to give notice when he should arrive. The empress issued orders that the carriage

should be stopped at the barriers, and every part searched. He arrived at night, but attended by outriders with lighted flambeaux. Her orders were strictly obeyed: almost every part of the carriage was cut to pieces, but no tobacco found. He drove immediately to the imperial palace, and produced the tobacco to the empress. The flambeaux had been contrived with a hollow space, into which tobacco had been put: the end only being a flambeau, the sides merely covered with wax.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLVIII. Dec. 3.*]

A Description (intended as a Guide) of Herne Bay and its Vicinity; with an Account of the New Pier, &c.; by B. P. Capper.

A new Tale of the Beau Monde, to be entitled, the Opera, by the Author of "Mothers and Daughters."

The title of Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming novel is to be Eugene Aram.

Mr. Robert Chambers is about to publish, in a popular manner, a History of Scotland, in two pocket volumes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of My Landlord, Fourth Series; Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous, by Sir Walter Scott, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Trendall's Designs for Cottages and Villas, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Boyle's Account of the Western Coast of Africa, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Cooke's Hints on Scarlet Fever, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Cabal, a Tale of the Reign of William IV., 2 vols. p. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Chant of the Cholera, Songs for Ireland, &c., by the Authors of Tales by the O'Hara Family, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Anthologia Sacra, or Select Theological Extracts, 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXIV.: Plutarch, Vol. 2, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hughes's Divines, No. XIX.; Hall's Contemplations, Vol. 2, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dewhurst's Anatomy of the Human Muscles, oblong 4to., coloured, 15*s.* sewed; Ditto of the Human Bones, oblong 4to., coloured, 15*s.* sewed.—Mary Gray, by A. Knight, 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Fanny and her Mother, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Geological Sketches, &c., by Maria Hack, 12mo. 9*s.* cloth.—Travels in the North of Europe, by C. B. Elliott, Esq., 1 vol. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Thoresby's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Romance and Reality, by L. E. L., 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Standard Novels, No. X., 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Anecdotes of Hogarth, Part I., with Plates, 6*s.* sewed; India Proofs, 9*s.* sewed.—Polytechnic Library; Domestic Chemist, Vol. 2, 18mo. 4*s.* cloth.—Rev. Thomas Gill's Family Book of Common Prayer, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—Stories of Animals, Second Series, by Maria Hack, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

November.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday 24	From 43. to 54.	29·96 to 29·97
Friday 25	—— 42. — 54.	29·96 — 29·83
Saturday 26	—— 43. — 54.	29·91 — 30·10
Sunday 27	—— 28. — 41.	30·10 — 30·32
Monday 28	—— 22. — 37.	30·38 Stationary
Tuesday 29	—— 27. — 41.	30·42 — 30·44
Wednesday 30	—— 25. — 46.	30·23 — 30·09

Wind variable, N.E. and S.W. prevailing.

Except the 24th, 27th, and 28th, generally cloudy. A dense fog from two till four on the afternoon of the 29th. Frequent rain during the 30th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To many of our correspondents we have this week only apologies to offer; for, what with the usual monthly publications, and an influx of other new works, we have been almost smothered under books during the last five days.

Dr. Elliotson was very foolish to attack us in his lecture. We will try to see the *Lancet* (is it?), and tell him what we think.

L. L. B. is intended for our next.

SIR,—As my name has frequently appeared in your interesting journal with commendation, and as most of the Annuals have been noticed in your columns, I beg the favour of you to allow the present short note to be Gazetted among the same records. In Prout's "Continental Annual," my name is put to the plate of the "Bridge at Prague," but without my permission; and what is worse, without my executing any part of the *engraving*. It is true that I *etched* the building and ground; and am only responsible for the style in which such work is "laid in," and not even for the effect of the etching proofs. I think it necessary to make this explanation to you and the public, being very scrupulous respecting my professional reputation. I regret that the publishers should have adopted such a plan; for deception can never do them good, nor advance the interests of art and literature. I remain yours, &c.

Harmondsworth, J. LE KEUX.
Nov. 30th.

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